

"I mournfully replied, that it was, of course, in the power of my father either to give or to withhold this money. But I bade him leave to mercenary spirits such regrets; that if we were only arrived at our Chateau in Lorraine, we should experience the utmost height of human felicity.

"With rather a discontented frown, De la Rue replied, that he had not even sufficient money in his possession to carry us to France. I immediately placed my diamond ear-rings in his hands, and bade him convert them into the means necessary to prosecute our journey.

"We arrived safe in Paris; and De la Rue conveyed me to a small house situated in one of the Faubourgs, which we reached by a back entrance. I questioned him why he had brought me to such a miserable abode, to which he replied by opening a door which led from the apartment in which we were, and conducting me into a shop which occupied that portion of the house which faced the street. Picture my horror, madam, when I felt my senses assailed by the odor of pomade, bergamot, eau-de-Cologne, and every variety of essences, and found myself surrounded upon all sides by wigs, curls, and ringlets, of every shade and style. Yes, ladies, I was in the shop of a hair-dresser, inconceivable though the fact may appear to your ears. I gazed around me horror-stricken, and would have fainted had not my just indignation supported me in this crisis. With an air of the utmost majesty that I could assume—and, ladies, you will all allow that my personal appearance is peculiarly calculated to express this feeling—I surveyed De la Rue, and in tones such as Sildons alone could command, I exclaimed: 'Vile impostor! who art thou?' To which, with the utmost nonchalance, my husband replied, with an obeisance such as a Parisian alone can give; 'Madame, I am Antoine Auguste De la Rue, *perruquier et parfumeur*, at your service; and, I may add, husband to the loveliest dame in La Belle France.' Madam, the scene that followed may be better imagined than described, although you will find it faithfully depicted in the volume which I am composing.

"Finding at length that it was useless to waste my tears and reproaches upon the imperturbable self-possession of my husband, I consoled myself by calling to mind the reverses of fortune which frequently fall to the lot of distinguished and remarkable characters, and to which people of ordinary attainments are seldom subjected. Kings had been dethroned—had suffered exile and poverty—queens had sunk into plebeian ob-

scurity, and why should not Arabella Carolina Sinclair become the wife of a perruquier?

"Pecuniary difficulties, however, embarrassed us, and we were reduced to poverty, when, madam, recollecting the goodness of your deceased husband, Mr. Douglas, I wrote to him, and requested the loan of a sum sufficient to establish my husband in business. When my own father refused to assist his erring child, your husband had conveyed to me a sum exceeding even what I requested. From that day my husband prospered in the world; and in twenty years after that period—worthy and exemplary man—he died, leaving me a desolate widow, with the wealth he had accumulated, which is sufficient to support me in affluence during the remainder of my life, and, dearest madam, to allow me to return to you the sum, with interest, which rightfully is your own, and which I received from your late husband. It was for this purpose, madam, that I sought you out, and I rejoice to find that I have succeeded."

Mrs. Douglas had listened with much interest to the recital of Madame De la Rue, which was rendered irresistibly laughable by the gestures with which she accompanied it; and when she concluded, and placed within the hands of Mrs. Douglas a sum, which, originally small, had greatly increased during the space of twenty years, and which was sufficient to ensure to her those comforts, of which she stood in need, for life, neither she nor Ellen sought to disguise the joy they felt at a circumstance so unexpected.

"Dear mother!" exclaimed Ellen with delight, "you will now be enabled to leave this noisy town, and take a residence in the country, where you will soon become perfectly well again."

"My child, I rejoice more upon your account than my own," replied Mrs. Douglas. "You will now be enabled to abandon your daily toil, and, I trust, that the color will soon return to your pale cheek;" and in her gratitude for the relief which had so opportunely arrived, to release Ellen from a life of unremitting labor, Mrs. Douglas poured forth her thanks to Madame De la Rue.

"Ladies, you owe me no gratitude for that which is justly your own," replied that lady. "To you, on the contrary, I am indebted for that competence which I enjoy, and which, but for the generosity of your husband, I could never have possessed. I have now a favor to request of you, madam, and of your lovely daughter, who has already completely won my heart, to which I hope you will accede. Possessed of that love of retirement which urges me to shun the busy